THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"See, then, that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, REDEEMING THE TIME."

IN the calendar of every contemplative man, the arrival of A NEW YEAR will be noted as a memorable epoch. Amid the bustle of business, or the blandishments of pleasure, he will hear, distinctly, the voice of Time, and, by a natural association, be led to meditate on the past, and to project for the future. As he communes with his own heart, in the recesses of retirement, various powers will hover over his head, in Reflection's hour. Memory will sometimes appear to him with a gay, and sometimes with a ghastly train, and pining Regret and corroding Remorse will insert their thorns amid the buds of sanguine Expectation, and the fairest roses of Promise. But honest Purposes, good Resolution, and cheering Hope will be generally predominant in those visions of Futurity, with which, we may presume, men of reflection as well as sensibility are favoured. They will sorrow for the negligences and errours of the past time, but they will exult in pleasing dreams of better days to come. The face of every moralizer, at such a period, is the changeful face of April. As his emotions are various, their expressions will be so. Sometimes there will "appear much joy in him," but then joy cannot show itself *without a badge of bitterness.* "He will break out into tears, a kind overflow of kindness;" but we hardly need the authority of SHAKSPEARE'S affectionate governour of Messina to assert, that there are no faces truer, than those that are so washed.

To me, January generally comes up with a jocund air, and kind assurances, like a liberal friend, with not only brightness in his eye, and a smile on his cheek, but warmth in his heart, and gifts in his hand.

Though this personage is generally reputed austere, and many shudder at his approach, and shiver in his presence, I have always found myself very comfortable in his company. He treats me with benignity, and after the very *law of kindness*. He amuses my imagination with his holydays and his pageants. He sooths my ear with merry musick, and he regales my palate with those Christmas pies, which my Mother Church has made so sweet and savoury. But this is only the least part of his benevolence. With his admirable admonitions he NOURISHES MY MIND. He urges me to forsake the Fair of Vanity and the *mob* of men, and by the radiance of his bright fires, and brighter lamps, to read, what deserves to be remembered, and to write what, possibly, some may read. The wind, and rain, and hail, that often beat about his dwelling I heed not, nor am I chilled into torpor by that benumbing Frost, and that cold, specious dissembler, Snow, who sometimes appear by his side. Let all the Demons of the Tempest howl for admission at my casement, I am careless of their importunity, for I have my Bible and my Shakspeare for my protection and solace.

At the very mention of the Blessed Book I open it, with reverence; and in the very elegant epistle to the Ephesians, what admirable advice do I receive from Saint Paul, and how appropriate, at this season, to my readers and to me. It is an injunction of Prudence, uttered with the most friendly voice of Caution.

"See, then, that ye *walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time.*"

Whether the citizens of Ephesus, like most of the inhabitants of every other metropolis, were sometimes gay, and careless, and thoughtless, and dissipated, we are not accurately informed, nor is it very material to inquire. It is highly probable, from the antithesis in the text, that they were so. Perhaps every Ephesian would waste many a year either asleep in the dormitory of Indolence, or broad awake and vociferous in the pavilion of Revelry, or wallowing in the sty of Intemperance. Prodigal of his fortune, prodigal of his health, and more lavish of his hours, he would *lend* them to every impertinent and perfidious borrower, and never think of *redeeming* the precious pledge. Such egregious Folly, and such audacious Vice deserved all the admonition of an Apostle. He could not behold these infatuated Ephesians, thus wandering in the mazes of Absurdity and Iniquity; all desperate on the very brink of Destruction; and all darkling *in the shadow of Death*. Like an experienced, a faithful, and a trusty guide, he indicates the paths of Honour, Peace, and Security, and then to each pilgrim exclaims, See that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise. He does not content himself merely with suggesting a plan of Prudence, but correctly indicates the mode of its accomplishment. A better mode the wit of man could not devise, or even the eloquence of an Angel enforce. This was by REDEEMING THE TIME, as, with equal emphasis and elegance, it is expressed in the Epistle. This is one of those brilliant metaphors, by whose glory the Scriptures are so often illuminated, and whose splendour, like that of the Sun, is not merely a sparkling, but a salutary light. The weight of the Apostle's admonition is much more forcibly impressed by this figure than by that *plainness of speech*, which he judiciously employed on other occasions. With his usual artfulness of address, and his consum-

mate knowledge of mankind, he remembers that he is exhorting the opulent individuals of a splendid capital. He considers Time as an exchequer, from which exhausting draughts have been made, or rather as a valuable article of property, which has been rashly pledged, without, perhaps, the semblance of an equivalent. Hence he enjoins upon those, who have been too prodigal of this inestimable gift, to *redeem* it as soon as possible.

By every man, whose time has been foolishly or vitiously squandered, it will be redeemed, if he follows apostolick advice, and walks correctly, carefully, and uprightly, like a wise and prudent sage, and not heedlessly and at random, like an idiot, or a drunkard.

During our celebration of the natal days of a new year, it will be a most salutary practice to reflect, with sorrow, upon those portions of the past, which we have lent to bad purposes, and to resolve, with firmness, to adopt every measure, in future, for the redemption of that Time, which has been in captivity to Folly, Indolence, or Oblivion.

This may be effected by various means. Devotion, Virtue, Retirement, Labour, and Learning will all, in turns, lend their aid. The power of the three first of these auxiliaries has been so copiously and eloquently described by my predecessours, and as the limits of my paper, as well as the dreaded yawns of my readers, admonish me to be studious of brevity, I shall confine myself to the latter.

In the first place, to redeem Time, great Exertion is necessary. When a sovereign Prince, or a nobleman of distinction, or an opulent merchant falls into the hands of his enemies, or is captured by the buccaniers of the ocean, he is not ransomed by any of the expedients of Ease, or any of the devices of Indolence. No; great gifts are necessary, great sacrifices must be made, great toil undergone, and painful privations suffered. So when Time, a personage much greater and richer than any above described, has been lost, or taken from us, we may not hope to enjoy a grateful connexion with him again, without paying the price of Labour, Assiduity, Care, and Perseverance. This seems not only intolerable, but impossible to a vulgar spendthrift of his hours, to the dronish votary of Laziness, whose head is drenched with all the poppies of Oblivion, whose mouth never opens but to yawn, and who makes no other noise in the world than a snore. To such an oyster I do not address myself. But a son of Genius and Sensibility, a philosophick thinker, or an ambitious aspirant will remember and believe the correct sentiments of the poet Thomson:

Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
But in loose joy their time to wear away,
Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,
Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
Rude Nature's state had been our state today;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
No arts had made us opulent and gay;
With brother brutes the human race had graz'd;
None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd been, none prais'd.

But should to *Fame* our hearts unfeeling be,
If right I read, we *Pleasure* all require,
Then hear how best may be obtained this fee,
How best enjoy'd this nature's wide desire;
Toil and be glad. Let Industry inspire
Into our quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath;
Who does not act is dead: absorpt entire
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath;
O, leaden hearted man, to be in love with Death!

And would you learn to dissipate the band
Of those huge threat'ning Difficulties dire,
That in the weak man's way, like lions stand,
His soul appal, and damp his rising fire?
Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire,
Exert that noblest privilege alone
Here to mankind indulg'd; control Desire;
Let godlike Reason form her sovereign throne,

Speak the commanding word—I will—and it is done.

In the last place, time may be gloriously redeemed by the powers of Genius, the auxiliaries of Application, and the pursuits of Literature. SALLUST, who in the knowledge of human nature is scarcely surpassed by Shakspeare himself, and whose profound histories are an eternal monument of the accuracy of his assertions, tells us, that it is the duty of all aspiring spirits, strenuously to endeavour to rise above the mists of obscurity; and that without alertness, we shall but little surpass the brute creation, who are doomed by nature to grovel on the earth. In another passage, he exclaims, with an enthusiasm worthy of such a writer, that it was always his opinion that the truest glory consists in the efforts of GENIUS, and that since our time of life is alike transitory and dubious, we should remember, that in honest fame and the fair applause of posterity, there is found an existence beyond the grave. It is genius alone, that has a legitimate claim to glory and immortality. Survey, he exclaims with truth and eloquence, survey the map of life, and you shall find the predominance of intellect. The labours of the husbandman, the mariner, and the architect, all spring from that powerful source. Yet miraculous as it may seem, throngs are found in every age careless of mental improvement. Immersed in Indolence and Voluptuousness, without knowledge, and without culture, they saunter through life, like strangers in a foreign land; with a direct inversion of the order of nature, they deem reflection a pain, and sensuality the only pleasure.—Whether, he continues in a tone of merited contempt, whether a crew thus listless crawl on the surface, or sink to the centre is of trivial importance. In either case, they leave no MONUMENT of their existence. He alone is worthy of life and its enjoyments, who devotes his talents to some active pursuit, and goes in quest of Fame, either in the camp of Glory, or the groves of Science.

SENECA, a philosopher, a moralist, and a man of letters, holds a language, the very echo of that of the Roman historian. No man, strictly speaking, can live, who does not dedicate himself to a life of labour. The house of the loiterer is his grave. There we may erect a monument to the deceased, who has virtually anticipated his own obsequies. Even retirement, he concludes, is little better than being buried alive, unless dignified with the pursuits of literature.

HORACE, who, although a man of pleasure, and a man of the world, was a very industrious writer, and who has bequeathed us brilliant proofs of his assiduity, as well as of his genius, declares, with uncommon energy, that he who wishes to win the chaplet of praise, and reach the goal of Fame, must task all his energy and alertness, and must not suffer the nerves of resolution to be relaxed, either by the witchery of women, or the warmth of wine.

Thus essential is the redemption of Time to the man of reason and reflection; and at the commencement of a year, let us cheerfully pay the precious ransom. Amid the diversity of pursuits, which life supplies, every individual may discover some *forthright path*, which, diligently pursued, will have for its visto, either the Temple of Fame or Fortune. By arts, not less than by arms, a road may be opened to renown. But to the successful employment of our talents, Time must be husbanded, with a miser's care.

Let us snatch what hours we may from dull oblivion's slumber. Let us abridge many meals, and forego some. Let us trim the lamps of midnight, and court the solitude and tranquillity of morning. Above all, let us dread the disgrace of sinking into a listless inactivity, but remember in the most inauspicious period of our own, or country's fortune, that by every noble and strenuous exertion all may yet BE REDEEMED.

CLASSICAL LEARNING.

For The Port Folio.

One of the most essential duties of a Literary Journalist is, not only to *take care that the republick of letters* should *suffer no detriment*, but that the dignity and honour of the wise and the learned should be constantly indicated to all, who aspire to intellectual eminence. Hence, nothing is a source of purer pleasure to the Editor of The Port Folio, than to have it often in his power to reposit, in that Miscellany, every liberal encomium, and every vigorous defence of that portion of Literature, which is correctly denominated *Classical*. In the decline of the past year, we had the good fortune to obtain, from the pen of the late Dr. NESBIT, a series of speculations, upon a favourite topick. These deserve all the attention that our literary friends can give, and every honour that the Editor can bestow. They certainly claim a conspicuous place in this paper. and if they contribute to rouse, in any degree, an emulation to be skilled in those writers, who have constantly legimate Criticism and delicate Taste on their side, the Editor will be abundantly gratified. The classical authours need only to be accurately known, to be ardently admired. For as it is ascertained from the best authority, the admirer of Homer, and Demosthenes, of Virgil and Cicero, Xenophon, and Cæsar, Herodotus, and Livy, will tell us, that he would not, for any consideration, give up his skill in the language of those authours. Every man of learning wishes that his son may be learned; and that not so much with a view to pecuniary advantage, as from a desire to have him supplied with the means of useful instruction, and liberal amusement. It is true that habit will make us fond of trifling pursuits, and mistake imaginary for real excellence. The being accustomed to that kind of study, and, perhaps, also the pride, or the vanity, or simply the consciousness of being learned, may account for a part of the pleasure, that attends the perusal of the Greek and Roman writings. But sure, it is but a small part, which may be thus accounted for. The Greeks were more passionate admirers of Homer and Demosthenes; and the Romans of Virgil and Cicero than we; and yet were not under the necessity of employing so much time in the study of these authours; nor, consequently, so liable to contract a liking from long acquaintance, or to be proud of an accomplishment, which was common to them with all their countrymen.

The study of Greek and Latin being necessary to the perfection of the grammatical art, must also be necessary to the permanence, and even purity, of the modern tongues; and, consequently, to the preservation of our History, Poetry, Philosophy, and of every thing valuable in our literature.

Can those, who wish well to Learning or mankind ever seek to depreciate so important a study? or will it be said that the knowledge of grammar is unworthy of a gentleman or a man of business, when it is considered that the most profound statesmen, the ablest oratours, the most elegant writers, and the greatest men that ever appeared on the stage of publick life, of whom I shall only mention Julius Cæsar and Cicero, were not only studious of grammar, but most accurate grammarians?

(*Continued from Vol.* 4, *p.* 404.)

Besides, without acquaintance with Mythology, the works of the ancients, and of those moderns who have imitated them,

would not be intelligible. The ideal world is as necessary to be known, in order to understand the allusions to it, with which the poets abound, as the natural world is, in order to understand and judge of descriptive poetry. Nothing can please that is not distinctly perceived. If we are unacquainted with Mythology, the chief beauties of poetry will escape our notice; while an intelligent reader will receive the greatest pleasure from the judicious use of ancient fable, without running the hazard of being misled by it, as was the case with those who considered it as the rule of their faith and duty.

We observed, already, that soon after the appearance of the Christian Religion, the Stoick Philosophers endeavoured to disguise and explain away the fabulous History of the heathen gods, by supposing it to be merely allegorical, and to contain many maxims of moral wisdom under the vail of fiction. But it is easy to see, that they were driven to this expedient, by finding the impossibility of defending it as it stood in the popular traditions, which however different from each other, according to the various fancies of men, were all of them unworthy of the Deity, and lay exposed to severe censure and contempt from such as entertained different opinions. When Lucian, about the time of Adrian, employed the most severe and pointed raillery against their Mythology, it is likely that they exerted their ingenuity still more to allegorize their Mythology, and to defend it from the satire of that ingenious, though wicked writer.

The Lord Chancellor Bacon, and Mons. Freret, of the French Academy, have endeavoured, the one in his essays, entitled *The Wisdom of the Ancients*, and the other, in his discourse on Mythology, to make the ancients much wiser than they really were, and to attribute views and purposes to them, of which, it appears by their writings, that they were entirely ignorant These authours have displayed their own ingenuity to advantage, but all their conjectures concerning the design and meaning of the Heathen Mythology, appear to be the product of their own fancies, and cannot persuade an intelligent reader, while he considers the total silence of the ancients themselves, who must have known infinitely better what allegories their Mythology contained, had it contained any, than their modern readers, at so great a distance of time.

Nor have those laboured to much better purpose, who have endeavoured to find all the heathen gods in the fragments of Ancient History preserved by some of the ancient authours. The high antiquity of these fables, and the little tradition we have left of those ages that were prior to the knowledge of letters, render such attempts entirely hopeless; to say nothing of the difference in the traditions themselves, which cannot be conform to History. Jupiter has, by some, been supposed to be a King of Egypt, and by others, of Crete. The inhabitants of that island, possibly reckoning it for their honour, pretended to show the tomb of Jupiter in their country, for which reason they were considered as liars in the time of Lucan; nay, as early as that of Epimenides, from whom the Apostle Paul quotes a verse describing their character, though doubtless without the least reference to this story.

The machinery of the epick poetry of the ancients is taken wholly from their traditionary mythology. This confers a grandeur on their sentiments, which could not have been reached by simple narration. For if the prosopopœia, which is but the fiction of a moment, is found to produce dignity and animation in poetry, surely more is to be expected from the introduction of persons, imaginary indeed, but supposed always to exist, and to be possessed of powers and qualities superiour to those of ordinary men, not to mention that they were the objects of the popular worship and veneration.

In the use of mythology it is probable, that the poets did not always conform to popular tradition and belief, but varied or augmented the former fictions according to their humour and the nature of their subjects, and these additional fictions came, at last, to have an equal authority with those of older date. Thus Homer speaks of Castor and Pollux as mortal men, though succeeding poets exalted them into demigods. He likewise calls Hercules, the son of Amphitryon and the son of Jupiter in the same speech. From this we may gather that the divinity of Castor and Pollux was not thought of, and that the divinity of Hercules was not fully acknowledged in the days of Homer. The difference betwixt the mythology of Homer and Hesiod, though they lived in the same age, is an additional confirmation of the above observation.

The study of language is not a mere exercise of the memory, nor solely versant about words, as superficial observers imagine, but requires also the exercise of judgment and taste, and is calculated for the improvement of these faculties, perhaps in as high a degree as they are capable of receiving in early life. The knowledge of the very rules of construction depends on the knowledge of the sense of the authour, and as language is the expression of thought, the student is, in this manner, introduced to the knowledge of the operations of the human mind, and the manner in which it arranges and expresses its ideas. Hence Grammar is justly placed at the head of the liberal arts, and so far as it depends on fixed rules and principles, may be properly denominated a science.

The knowledge of different languages is not barely the giving different names to the same object, which would be of little moment, but as the mode of conception and expression in different languages, being that which constitutes their peculiar idiom, is extremely different, the study of languages enlarges our knowledge of the human mind, and acquaints us with the principles of universal grammar, which are of large extent and apply to every language, so that in studying a foreign tongue, we learn to understand our own. Quintilian accordingly informs us, that the Romans studied the Greek tongue before the Latin, and among us, those who have the best knowledge of foreign languages, are likewise the best judges of English. Some have said, indeed, that there have been men very learned in foreign languages, who were unacquainted with their own; but such learned men, if such there are, must have studied under bad masters, or have been very unsuccessful in their studies, as good masters would have taught them the difference of the idiom of the languages they studied from that of their own, to say nothing of the impossibility of understanding a foreign language without being able to render it properly and readily into our native tongue.

Indeed, something like an instance of the kind alleged may seem to be contained in what Mr. Bayle relates of the famous Budæus. After acquainting us with his knowledge of the Latin tongue, evinced by the learned treatises he had composed in that language, he inserts a French letter of the same authour, which is so mean, heavy, and inferiour to any French compositions of the same age, as to satisfy us, that Budæus, at least, had forgot his native tongue, while he excelled in the knowledge of others. But as he began his studies late in life, studied in private, and had no master, nothing prejudicial to the doctrine we have advanced can be inferred from this particular instance.

Perhaps all the objections against a classical education are founded on the examples of those, who have never properly received such an education, but have only trifled away their youthful years in the places where others received it. The length of the time, which is sometimes required to attain it, may discourage many, who could not conceive an object deserving of so much study, and the little sense which the generality of youths have of its importance, prevents them from using that diligence and application, which is necessary to insure success, so that we need not wonder at their disappointment in a pursuit, which they could never be properly said to have begun.

Besides the knowledge of language, and the improvement of the faculties of the mind, acquired in the study of it, the attentive classical scholar, by entering into the spirit of the authours he converses with, improves in reason and good sense, and the knowledge of men and manners. It is ridiculous to pretend, as some have done, that the knowledge of the world is not to be acquired from books, but by actual conversation with men of various ranks and characters. This notion, however fashionable, is entirely contrary to truth. Nothing can be derived from the most extensive experience and acquaintance with men, which cannot be communicated by writing in a much more brief and easy manner. The wise men of antiquity have actually left us the fruit of their long experience, so that we may acquire in a few days or hours, all the wisdom and knowledge of mankind that cost them all their lives in acquiring. The experience of the most of men must be confined to their own country and their own age; whereas, in books, we can converse with the most eminent men of all ages and countries with little trouble, expense, or danger. If a student employ his time well, and exercise his faculties properly, he may attain to much more knowledge of the world, both of men and things, than could be attained by the most extensive and intelligent traveller in real life. Nay, his knowledge must as far excel that of the traveller, in every sense, as that of Ulysses, who had visited the cities and known the manners of many nations, excelled the knowledge of Telemachus, who had conversed only with his own mother and his family.

Perhaps a defect of imagination and exact attention is the chief reason why many students get so little knowledge from so extensive opportunities as a classical education affords. They do not consider what they are doing, or what sort of people they are conversing with, in the authours they pretend to study. They do not figure to their minds the scenes in which these great men acted, their situation and rank in life, the difficulties they had to encounter, the character and maxims of the ages in which they lived, the state of knowledge in their times, and the difficulty of attaining and preserving it the education they had received, their notions of excellence, and the models on which they endeavoured to form themselves. And it is evident, that unless we consider these things, we can neither judge of the strength of their faculties, the propriety of their sentiments, nor the success of their study and application. The difficulties which some find in understanding their language, render them inattentive to the justness and dignity of their sentiments, the propriety of their expressions, and the strength and elevation of their minds. It is no wonder that students should contract no dignity of thought and expression, no generous ambition, or love of excellence from the conversation of the greatest men of antiqui-

ty, when their attention goes no further than the mere words, and the rules of construction necessary to be attended to in putting them in order. If we do not suppose ourselves in the authour's place, and figure to ourselves the scene in which he acted, we can profit no more in conversing with the most eminent, than with the most trifling characters.

St. Augustine wished to have seen Rome in all its glory, and to have conversed with the most eminent men of that Republick, which, from small beginnings, rose to be the wonder, the terrour, and the mistress of the world. But though his wish had been granted, he could not have known more than we may yet learn from those, who had that advantage, and who were undoubtedly more able to describe it to us than we could be to observe it ourselves, even though we had that opportunity, which the Saint wished for in vain.

The want of attention to the history of the times, and the want of knowledge of the character, rank, situation, and connexions of the persons spoken of occasions obscurity of conception, and hinders our entertainment and improvement. A competent knowledge of ancient geography and History is, therefore, necessary to our right understanding of the classick authours, which, without this, must prove as unprofitable to the student as fairy tales, or the lives of men, who never lived.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

The surviving friends and compatriots of the late celebrated Robert Burns, continue to commemorate his birthday, in his native Cottage, where verses in imitation of his manner are always expected from some of the company, on the occasion. On the 19th of July, 1806, when a numerous and respectable company were assembled, the following Verses were produced by the Rev. Hamilton Paul, who formerly had gratified kindred affection in the same way. Q.

The Lark up springing from the dewy lawn,
Mounts high and higher still, to meet the dawn,
And as he floats the fleecy clouds among,
Regales his partner with his matin song.
Meanwhile reclining on the bed of love,
She bids her sons regard their sire above;
And tells that they shall soon extend the wing,
Like him shall learn to soar, like him to sing.
Thus emulation animates the young,
Aids the first warblings of the tuneful tongue,
Bids fancy glow, and the warm soul inspires,
With all the *Lover's*, all the *Poet's* fires.
Thus *Coila's* lark near *Doon's* meand'ring tide,
First treads the mead, by modest daisies pied,
His new fledged pinion, next he trembling tries,
Gains, by degrees, possession of the skies.
And Heav'nward urging his unwearied flight,
Is lost to vulgar view amid the blaze of light,
Happy could I ascend on equal wing,
And soaring high, with equal vigour sing.
Then *Doon* should roll more rapidly his floods,
Ayr, more majestick wander through his woods,
Beloved streams; where'er my footsteps roam,
Your grateful murmurs seem to call me home.
By fancy led, I linger in your shades,
And gaze enamour'd on your lovely maids,
Revive your palaces and wizard towers,
And tread again your honeysuckle bowers.
O could my tributary verse display
The varying beauties which your banks display,
Then should the Seasons in succession run,
Those to pursue, and these to meet the Sun.
Spring's greener garniture should grace the plain,
And *Summer* with more dazzling glory reign,
With mellower fruits the *Autumn* should be crown'd,
And *Winter* rage more awfully around.
But daring he, who hopes to wake the Lyre
With *Burns's* heav'n-taught strain, or *Thomson's* fire:
Enough for me to claim the kind regard,
Of you, the friends and patrons of the Bard.
And should my name descend in future times,
And lovesick maids with tears embalm my rhymes,
"When memory would award my feeble lays,
"The votive offering of Affection's praise."
'Twould be the highest earthly honour paid,
To sooth and gratify my hov'ring shade,
That in this mansion, by the muses lov'd,
I sang of *Burns*—you listen'd and *approv'd*.

For The Port Folio.

MEMOIRS OF ANACREON.

CHAP. VII.

It was about this time that I became acquainted with the lovely Myrtilla, the daughter of a deceased Senator. Descended from an ancient and illus-

trious family, she ennobled her rank by her virtues. Although she was above the common stature, her person was well formed, and her whole mien majestick. Her hair, which covered a finely turned neck, with its graceful ringlets, was a luxuriant auburn. Her azure eyes expressively displayed the emotions of her soul, and dimples eternally played around her mouth, for it is always arrayed in smiles.

Her father had left her at too early a period for her to feel his loss. But the care of a fond relative had formed her mind in the principles of virtue. And such was the happy facility of her disposition, that when the mirthful strings of the lyre warbled the notes of festivity, she twined through the mazes of the dance; and when weariness had fatigued her, she enlivened the silence of the midnight hour by the vivacity of her conversation. The young were insensibly allured by the soft harmony of her voice, and the aged did not disdain to listen to her words, and approve her wisdom. Possessed of a copious flow of wit, it was so attempered by the sweet forbearance of good nature, that though all laughed at the dart, yet no one felt the wound. She was accurately acquainted with the history of her own country, and also of the other parts of Greece, which had produced historians to record their transactions. Her companions were amused and improved by the justness of her remarks, upon our most popular poets, and their happiest inspirations seemed to acquire new attractions from the melody of her recitations.

Her taste in literature was at once accurate and delicate. It had never been refined by the subtlety of artificial rules, but was the result of her own observation and good sense. But although she was thus superiour to the greater portion of her sex, she was not ostentatious of her acquisitions. She kindly threw a vail over them, when she saw that they would oppress the inferiority of her companions: and by that constant flow of good nature, which pervaded her own bosom, she diffused cheerfulness, and irresistibly attracted the love and admiration of all who had a heart to feel.

By the idle and the curious, who were thrown in the shade by the brightness of those rays, which her merit beamed around her, she was accused of vanity, but hers was a vanity which they had never felt, which they could never feel! Her vanity taught her to seek the love, and aspire to the praise of all who knew her. It was the fertile source of all her excellence: it was a desire to please, and emulation to excel.

Venus, when she girded her with the zone of attraction, had breathed over her face the purple light of youth;* in her eyes little Loves transported the enraptured gaze of admiration, and her lips were the sweet roses of Persuasion.†

I will not say she was very susceptible of the softer emotions of love. Her better prudence regulated and restrained her feelings. Her discrimination was quick: her selection judicious; and she never violated any professions which her affection prompted, and her judgment sanctioned; but

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* Virgil somewhere says, *lumen juventæ purpureum:* a brilliant expression which I take to be merely figurative, and not as meant to describe the precise colour of the object to which the epithet is applied. So in Horace we have *rosea cervix, purpureis ales coloribus;* and Pindar speaks of the *violet curls* of a female of distinguished beauty. In this instance, I believe he does not speak metaphorically. The violet colour was considered as ornamental in his time, and the ladies, who, I presume, were not less sedulous to please then, than they are in the present day, employed particular tingents to imbue their hair with this desirable colour.

I write this note from memory, and I may be wrong.

† The ancients, in order to convey an idea of a mouth perfectly lovely, represented it by *the lips of Persuasion:* and I envy not his feelings, who cannot, at once, feel the force of this metaphor, so characteristick of the elegance and gallantry of the Grecian Muse. Meleager calls his mistress *the sweet Rose of Persuasion.*

Persuasion's lips and Cyprian charms
And the fresh beauty of the vernal flo-

those who merited it, experienced a friendship, not capricious, nor cool, but warm, and sincere, uniform and lasting.

Her imagination, fertile and inquisitive, was ever on the wing. The legends of love, and the romantick fictions of our poets ever found in her an attentive listner. She delighted in the wild song, which erstwhile had cheered the savage in his pathless wanderings, or greeted him at eventime, after the labours of the chace, before Polity, sedate, and sage, had tamed the excursive fancy, and quenched the fondness for a rambling life.

Her heart was alive to the softest touches of harmony, and she had a tear for the tale of wo, when it stole upon her willing ear. Such was Myrylla;—even now I see her, lovely, meek, and amiable, such as I first knew her. In her manners, free, without familiarity; dignified, but not haughty: in her conversation, easy, without levity, and sensible, without pedantry.

Need I add, that beauty so attractive, loveliness so seducing, accomplishments so ornamental, excited my admiration, and soon won my warmest love. I was in the spring of life. The vernal glow of Hope was mine, and Fancy, elate, and gay, gilded the prospect, which a disposition naturally sanguine had delighted to contemplate. My patrimony was small, but it was sufficiently ample for one whose ambition was not to be diverted from its pursuits by slight obstacles, whose desires were restrained by content, and whose industry could be stimulated to every exertion, when animated by the smiles of her who should bestow its reward. I did not affect to conceal the ardent wishes of my soul. My hopes and fears were expressed in an ode in the Dorick measure. It was my first attempt to soar into the regions of poetry, since I had received the lessons of Anacreon; and if the grandeur of the subject be remembered, the youthful Muse certainly wanged a daring flight.

TO MYRILLA.

Myrilla, by the gods above,
I yield to thee my warmest love,
And should thy wishes make thee mine,
I never will be aught but thine.
'Tis not thine eyes of azure blue,
Nor yet thy cheeks of roses' hue:
Nor is it thy commanding mien,
In conscious innocence, serene,
That hath so won my soul:
But 'tis thy finely polished mind,
Among the loveliest of its kind,
Like Vesper, at the eve of day,
When Sol emits his latest ray,
That doth my heart control.

Queen of the stars is Venus named,
Fairest of Nymphs Myrilla's famed:
Venus illumes the heavenly sphere,
Myrilla shines without compeer.

Teach me, ye gods, some happy art
To win the fair Myrilla's heart:
Else, will the gloomy shades receive
The youth, whom Love forbids to live.

There, too, her magick power I'd feel,
And, spite of frown or angry steel—
'Lured from my rest by her sweet strain,
My shade would rise to life again.

Then take, oh take my proffered love—
Witness, ye gods, who rule above:
And be thou ever only mine,
And I'll be ever only thine.

When I had finished, I sighed at observing how inadequately I had expressed the fervour of my feelings. So far was I from blushing at my passion, that I gloried in the indulgence of it. I was pleased to find that I had a heart susceptible of the finest emotion of which our nature is capable; and I was proud of the selection that it had made. Myrilla, so accomplished and beautiful, would have reflected honour on the homage of any man; and in proportion to the purity of his affection, would be the increase of his virtue, and the refinement of his manners. Such is the power of Love. His plastick hand moulds the most rugged and softens the ferocious. He banishes every vitious propensity, by offering a reward to sincerity, which can only be attained by habits of virtue, temperance, and urbanity.

But the fear that Myrilla would not deem me worthy of the high ho-

nour to which I aspired, plunged me into the gloom of despondence. Quitting the society of convivial men, whose wit had now lost its attractions, I became a solitary wanderer in the white valley of Pedion, and roved on the banks of the Cephisus, and the Eridan. Amid these sylvan scenes, I resigned myself to those delicious reveries of melancholy which none but the melancholy can enjoy. Every object furnished a simile. When I beheld the waves gently pursuing each other, and at length commingling, and rolling on in a larger torrent, "ah!" I exclaimed, thus should the souls of Myrilla and Critias be united, and softly glide down the stream of life." The branches of the vine, interweaving their foliage to protect the flowers of the plain from the fervid beams of the sun, seemed to indicate that happy union which adds confidence to each, and shelters them in all the persecutions of misfortune.

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

CURSORY SKETCHES

IN PENNSYLVANIA AND THE BORDERS OF MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA.

To —— at Coldenham, New-York.

(Concluded from page 407.)

I have perused with wonder, but not with implicit faith, European sarcasms, on the "savage American character." I have heard of "execrable" accommodations at our inns, of fair ladies fainting on the stony approach to the Blueridge, and of "master spirits," appaled by the barbarous freedom of a republick; in truth, my dear S— if you listen to the experience of others, timidity would shrink from the mountaneous heights, rocky declivities, and still greater ruggedness of manners, exhibited by tourists in our western hemisphere, *we* thought it safest to trust the evidence of our own senses, and through a country rich in blessings we marked the "dew of heaven and the fullness of the earth," bearing witness to the beneficence of *Him*, who exacts not "vain oblations" but from nations and individuals asks the sacrifice of the heart, whose "sweet incense" rises on seraphick wings. When we had surmounted the hardships, anticipated in this day's ride, we found its dangers had been magnified, and habitual exercise enabled us to endure fatigue. The glowing exuberance of nature, and the happy influence of husbandry announced our return to the fertile precincts of Lancaster county. It is impossible to open your eyes, in this part of Pennsylvania, without observing the enlivened aspect of industry. Labour, here, assumes the hardy features of independence, the master of the soil directs its tillage, and in "seed time and harvest" shares the rustick toil. At night we gladly resumed our matrasses at the inn, and allotted the Sabbath to rest at Lancaster. As the ancient and youthful were flocking to morning worship, it was curious to see the old-fashioned German costume, contrasted with modern light drapery. It would seem that the new-school Philosophy had small success with those, who in defiance of imported transparences, arrayed themselves in "modest apparel," and according to the "tradition of their fathers," made publick acknowledgment of Christian Faith. It is not my friend, in a bigoted observance of forms, that the vital spark of Divinity is manifested, but the "outward and visible" sign should accord with the "inward and spiritual grace;" on the same principle, personal habiliments would be arranged with feminine delicacy and simplicity. Lavater's text, makes *dress* a table of contents; what would he say to the *dismantled* figures in the present day? Digression is a traveller's privilege, we carelessly proved it so. After receiving information where to turn to the right and left; and when to pursue a direct road to Ephrata, *lady like*, we took the angles when we should have followed the strait line, and in lieu of private friendship, with *quinces and cream*, we met our *dessert* at Reams-

town. Our evil genius led us to a public house, four miles beyond the settlement of religious Germans, whither we were directed to wait the arrival of P——, whom business detained two hours in the rear of our party; when we met, he rallied us on the want of discernment, in exchanging the sweets anticipated at *Kingmaker's*, for the unripe fruits at a democratick tavern. By this mistake, we avoided meridian heat, and in the afternoon proceeded at our leisure to Reading. Fording the Schuylkill, reimpressed on our minds those scenes with which we were familiarised, by local attachment and youthful predilection. A swift current seemed impatiently winding away to our native city; sighs were wafted on the evening gale, mixed with a tender orison. I can not tell why this place is admired. The inhabitants expatiated on its pleasant situation, civility forbade us to say it was dull and uninteresting; we amused ourselves with watching the *county court of Swallows*, which we concluded was now in session: the number and various sized birds that crowded to the court house and made their entrance at the *chimney top*, led us to suppose an important cause was pending; we listened attentively to this novel judicatory, as we associated ideas of legal wisdom and oratorial graces with the learned profession, but the moment their *point of elevation* was obtained, zeal and fluttering agitation subsided into profound silence; whether the court decision was a sine-cure and slothful ease its consequence, or if Morpheus had pronounced a verdict, which sealed their eyes and voices, to us was immaterial. With the dawn we heard them twittering at the window, amusing themselves, when we were not disposed for a serenade; the feathered tribe are the most interesting part of animated nature. In The Port Folio, I met with a little history of "Marine birds," highly gratifying to my curiosity and taste; it was a translation from the French. I have sought in vain, for further information from the same elegant source. After breakfast a gentleman of the Law, politely sent us several numbers of this literary Journal, which with a poetical letter from a married lady in Philadelphia, combined to brighten the hours, till we recommenced our journey, twenty miles of which was dreary and wet, in a north east direction. We bent our course towards Allentown, here the scene was beautifully varied, the village is pleasantly situated, a branch of the Lehigh passes along its borders and is so perfectly transparent that beneath its fair surface, every pebble was burnished with the rays of an unclouded Sun.

And o'er the world of waters, blue and wide,
The sighing Summer winds forgot to blow.

The river takes a serpentine course which brings you to a second ford, and by a verdant ascent, you enter Bethlehem. Its local position is so advantageous that every spot wears the luxuriance of a garden, and abounds with simple yet striking imagery. It was the anniversary of the Moravian establishment, and observed as a religious festival. The Nuns in snow-white garments, were sitting on sylvan seats, the grass their carpet, and the sky their canopy. Neither Monk nor Friar was visible, though without the aid of magick, Fancy metamorphosed this monastick ground into a thousand grotesque forms; and invested the demure recluse, with the mantle grey, and the cowl. We travelled forty miles this day, and were anxious to relieve our harrassed spirits, by a calm night's rest at the inn. The next day came a mirthful being in whom the American traveller will recognize "*Father Thomas*," his cheerfulness and indiscriminate civility, seemed the result of kindness of heart; but what should make *him* such a perfect philanthropist, that he can thus embrace all ages and sexes with equal warmth? He was our guide to the Convent, at the door of which, we were received by one of the superiours of the house; Father Thomas introduced her as sister Mary, she called herself Miss Gill. Neither the look demure nor the

plain habit of her oder could vail the intelligence of her countenance or take from her manner that politeness, which is the effect of natural refinement. We ascended very many flights of stone steps, and were led through "long sounding ailes" into a large apartment assigned for private devotion; the question passed through my mind whether these Nuns enjoyed

"The eternal Sunshine of the spotless mind,
"Each prayer accepted, and each wish re-
"sign'd."

Here "sister Mary," remarked that it was *useful* to abstract the heart from worldly cares, which disqualified it for sacred communion: and that it was *necessary* we should be thus prepared for a higher destination. She further observed that a slight difference existed between *theirs* and the Episcopalian Creed, particularly respecting some verbal ceremonial in their baptismal vows. *She* conceived it to be a work of supererogation for Sponsors to promise that the "pomps and vanities of this world" should be renounced by those, for whom they could not possibly be answerable. Indeed she thought a strictly conscientious man could not assume this responsibility. Her good sense and pleasing conversation obtained the fullest assent of my judgment. Father Thomas impatiently hurried us to the Embroidery room, the manufactory of artifical flowers, and the "*Sleep room*;" in which there were fifty beds, enough in all concience, effectually to banish Somnus from the premises: finally we went to the store where a great variety of curious needlework, displayed the ingenuity of the sisterhood. Every article is rated beyond its value, a tax, willingly incurred, particularly when Miss Gill, presents green silk purses, and points to the rich embroidery on the work bags. Her mild and gracious manner could not fail to conciliate esteem; we should have been pleased with her company at our lodgings, but she said our politeness *must* be declined, as she never visited at the inn. There is a new Church lately erected, which does great credit to the skill and taste of the architect. An edifice of magnificent structure ill accords with the plain buildings that surround it, and is still more opposite to the apparent simplicity of the congregation. But, we are told, the sin of Angels was ambition, no wonder then if we find it here. In the afternoon, we were conducted to the Seminary, our time was limited, father Thomas was solicitous that we should take the whole routine of education before the bell rang. If we had formed an opinion of scholastick proficiency, the sentiment must have been intuitive, as it was impossible for the understanding to operate, amidst such a whirl of engagements. This people have the art of attaching their pupils to their modes of life, and of inspiring them with respect for their religious tenets. Several young ladies came to visit their friends at our lodgings. Every one revolted at the idea of leaving Bethelehem. They were lively and communicative, and *we* inquisitive. Maria ——, made us laugh, though she was unconscious of the cause, one of her school companions had a very coarse figure and face, we asked if she had a good capacity, and were told that "she was clever, but had *no sense;*" but how was that discoverable? "Oh very easily, she *only* learns writing, arithmetick, and geography; musick, and tambouring she *cannot acquire.*" "And Miss ——, from Carolina," what of her Maria? "*She* has completed her education and is now going to Mrs. Rivardi, to be *polished.*" She finished the portraiture by a sketch of herself, declaring that she was willing to relinquish parents, and home, and embrace the religion with the pleasant enjoyments of the institution: for it seems sectarian privileges had been considered, though natural affection made no part of her calculation. It would be very unreasonable not to be satisfied, when at every stage on our journey, civility seemed "the order of the day," but there was here a dull monotony of which we quickly became satiated. Conversation excited very little interest, yet when intellectual pleasure languished, the eye roamed abroad, and many a rainbow hue, was

reflected on the *mental prism*. On the morning of the 28th, it was gloomy and wet, the rain was an additional motive to leave Bethlehem, we parted from Father Thomas, gay and good humoured as when we first met him. 36 miles riding brought us to North Wales, just as the shutters were closing on a dreary night, but the parlour scene was lightened by Friendship; and hospitality offered its warmest welcome. Childhood's mirthful retrospect, and the pensive shadows of maturer life now filled up the fleeting hour. The next day we came to the turnpike, and crossed Chesnut hill; every spot familiar and endeared by absence. To Germantown we gave a cordial salute. We have passed rapidly over 456 miles, and enjoyed a pleasant day's ride to Philadelphia, wherewith renovated health and grateful hearts, we rejoined our friends at home.

Adieu.

June 29th, 1807.

For The Port Folio.

The ensuing encomium on Classical Literature, is so perfectly in unison with the excellent essay on that subject, in the front of our paper; that we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it from the perspicuous pages of an elegant authour, who by the purity and sweetness of his style has clearly shown how much he has profited by the study of the Ancients.

Shakespeare's Play of Julius Cæsar, is founded on Plutarch's life of Brutus. The poet has adopted many of the incidents and speeches recorded by the historian, whom he had read in Sir Thomas North's Translation. But great judgment appears in the choice of the passages. Those events and sentiments that are either affecting in themselves, or contribute to the display of human characters and passions he has adopted: what seemed unsuitable to the drama, is omitted. By reading Plutarch and Sophocles in the original, together with the poeticks of Aristotle and Horace's epistle to the Pisos, Shakespeare might have made this tragedy better; but I cannot conceive how such a preparation, had the poet been capable of it, could have been the cause of making it worse. It is very probable that the instance of Shakspeare may have induced some persons to think unfavourably of the influence of learning upon genius; but a conclusion so important should never be inferred from one instance, especially when that is allowed to be extraordinary and almost supernatural. From the phenomena of so transcendent a genius we must not judge of human nature in general; no more than we are to take the rules of British agriculture from what is practised in the Summer Islands. Nor let it be any objection to the utility of Classical learning, that we often meet with men of excellent parts, whose faculties were never improved either by the doctrine or the dicipline of the schools. A practice which is not indispensably necessary, may yet be highly useful. We have heard of merchants, who could hardly write or read, superintending an extensive commerce, and acquiring great wealth and esteem by the most honourable means: yet who will say that writing and reading are not useful to the merchant? There have been men eminent both for genius and for virtue, who in the beginning of life were almost totally neglected, yet who will say, that the care of parents and early habits of virtue and reflection are not of infinite importance to the human mind?

Milton was one of the most learned men this nation ever produced. But his great learning neither impaired his judgment nor checked his imagination. A richer vein of invention, as well as a more correct taste appears in the Paradise Lost, written when he was near sixty years of age, than in any of his earlier performances. Paradise regained and Sampson Agonistes, which were his last works, are not so full of imagery, nor admit so much fancy as many of his other pieces, but they discover a consummate judgment; and little is wanting to make each of them perfect in its kind. I am not offended at that profusion of learning which

appears, here and there in Paradise Lost, it gives a classical air to the poem: it refreshes the mind with new ideas; and there is something in the very sound of the names of places and persons whom he celebrates that is wonderfully pleasing to the ear. Admit all this to be no better than pedantick superfluity, yet will it follow that Milton's learning did him any harm upon the whole, provided it appears to have improved him in matters of higher importance. That it did so is undeniable. This poet is not more eminent for strength and sublimity of genius than for the art of his composition; which he owed partly to a fine taste in harmony, and partly to his accurate knowledge of the ancients. The style of his numbers has not often been imitated with success. It is not merely the want of rhyme, nor the diversified position of pauses, nor the drawing out of the sense from one line to another, far less is it the mixture of antiquated words and strange idioms that constitute the charm of Milton's versification; though many of his imitators when they copy him in these, or in some of these respects, think they have acquitted themselves very well. But one must study the best classick authours with as much critical skill as Milton did, before one can pretend to rival him in the art of harmonious writing. For, after all the rules that can be given, there is something in this art which cannot be acquired but by a careful study, of the ancient masters, particularly Homer, Demosthenes, Plato, Cicero and Virgil; every one of whom, or, at least, the two first and the last it would be easy to prove that Milton has imitated in the construction of his numbers. In a word, we have good reason to conclude that Milton's genius, instead of being overloaded or encumbered was greatly improved, enriched and refined by his learning. At least we are sure this was his own opinion. Never was there a more indefatigable student; and from the superabundance of classick allusions to be met with in every page of his poetry, we may guess how highly he valued the literature of Greece and Rome, and how frequently he meditated upon it.

Spenser was learned in Latin and Greek as well as in Italian. But either the fashion of the times, or some deficiency in his own taste inclined him to prefer the modern to the ancient models. His genius was comprehensive and sublime, his style copious, his sense of harmony delicate: and nothing seems to have been wanting to make him a poet of the highest rank, but a more intimate acquaintance with the classick authours. We may at least venture to say that if he had been a little more conversant in these, he would not in his Shepherd's Calendar have debased the tenderness of pastoral with the impure mixture of theological disputation; nor would he have been so intoxicated with the splendid faults of the Orlando Furioso as to construct his Fairy queen on that Gothick model rather than according to the plan which Homer invented, and which Virgil and Tasso had so happily imitated. It is said to be on account of the purity of his style, and the variety of his invention and not for any thing admirable in his plan that the Italians in general prefer Ariosto to Tasso, and indeed we can hardly conceive how a taste so complex and so absurd, so heterogeneous in its parts and so extravagant as a whole should be more esteemed than a simple, probable, perspicuous and interesting fable. Yet Spenser gave the preference to the former; a fact so extraordinary, considering his abilities in other respects, that we cannot account for it, without supposing it to have been partly the effect of a bias contracted by long acquaintance. If so, have we not reason to think that if he had been but equally conversant with better patterns, his taste would have acquired a different and better direction.

Dryden's knowledge of foreign and ancient languages did not prevent his being a perfect master of his own. No authour ever had a more exquisite sense of the energy and beauty of English words; though it cannot be denied

that his aversion to words of foreign original and his desire on all occasions to do honour to his mother tongue betrays him frequently into mean phrases and vulgar idioms. His unhappy circumstances, or rather perhaps the fashion of his age, alike unfriendly to good morals and good writing, did not permit him to avail himself of his great learning so much as might have been expected. The authour of Polymetis has proved him guilty of many mistakes in regard to the ancient mythology: and I believe it will be allowed, by all his impartial readers, that a little more learning, or something of a more classical taste would have been of great use to him as it was to his illustrious imitator.

I know not whether any nation ever produced a more singular genius than Cowley, he abounds in tender thoughts beautiful lines and emphatical expressions. His wit is inexhaustible and his learning extensive; but his taste is generally barbarous, and seems to have been formed upon such models as Donne, Martial, and the worst parts of Ovid, nor is it possible to read his longer poems with pleasure, while we retain any relish for the simplicity of ancient composition. If this authour's ideas had been fewer, his conceits would have been less frequent; so that in one respect learning may be said to have hurt his genius. Yet it does not appear that his Greek and Latin did him any harm; for his imitations of Anacreon are almost the only parts of him that are now remembered, or read. His Davideis, and his translations of Pindar are destitute of harmony, simplicity, and every other classical grace. Had his inclinations led him to a frequent perusal of the most elegant authours of antiquity, his poems would certainly have been the better.

It was never said, nor thought that Swift, Pope, or Addison impaired their genius by too close an application to Latin and Greek. On the contrary, we have reason to ascribe to their knowledge of these tongues that classical purity of style by which their writings are distinguished. All our most eminent philosophers and divines, Bacon, Newton, Cudworth Hooker; Taylor, Atterbury, Stillingfleet, were profoundly skilled in ancient literature and every rational admirer of Locke will acknowledge that if his learning had been equal to his good sense and manly spirit, his works would have been still more creditable to himself, and more useful to mankind.

In writings of wit and humour, one would be apt to think that there is no great occasion for the knowledge of antiquity, it being the authour's chief aim and business to accommodate himself to the manners of the present time: and if study be detrimental to any faculty of the mind, we might suspect that a playful imagination, the parent of wit and humour, would be most likely to suffer by it. Yet the history of our first rate geniuses in this way, (Shakespeare always excepted) is a proof of the contrary. There is more learning as well as more wit in Hudibras than in any book of the same size now extant. In the Tale of a Tub, the Tattler and the Spectator, the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, and in many parts of Fielding, we discover at once a brilliant wit and a copious erudition.

A schoolmaster in a country village, who formerly acted as barber to the village, being in dispute with the parish clerk, on a point of grammar, "It is downright barbarism," said the clerk. "Barbarism!" replied the pedagogue; "Do you mean to insult me? A barber speaks as good English as a parish clerk any day.

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